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JANUARY

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CANADA

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Kept  
and  
by

Quickly Cuts  
Off Rust  
and Stains



MADE IN CANADA

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President

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JANUARY, 1917

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## AS WE GO TO PRESS

AT THE beginning of a new year there is an inevitable tendency toward retrospection; and, so coming back over the events of the past year, it becomes apparent that it has been in some respects a red letter year for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. A year of trial also, for the problems of finance in a period of so seriously marked by general advances in publication costs, are inevitably rising. Nevertheless, however, has seen the rise of publishing with the Canadian magazine the best work of the greatest Canadian writers, carried on with a degree of success that hardly seemed possible at the outset. The year has seen the gradual building up of a list of contributors that includes practically all Canada's most famous writers and poets, a galaxy of unexcelled talents, including Sir Gilbert Parker, Stephen Leacock, Arthur Stringer, Robert W. Service, Agnes Lauch, Arthur E. McFarlane, Peter MacArthur, Nellie I. McArthur, Alan Biddis, H. Montgomery, Robert J. C. Stodd, James Carleton, H. F. Gadsby, Stephen Leacock, A. C. Allenson, W. A. Crank—just to mention some of them. They have all been more or less regular contributors, too, making MACLEAN'S thoroughly representative of the very best in Canadian literature. From an editorial standpoint it has been a great year, and as a result broader audiences have been reached.

Naturally also it has been a splendid year from the circulation standpoint. A Canadian publication, published in such broadly national form has a national appeal for the best type of Canadian readers and it has followed that the subscription list have been strengthened by the addition of many thousands of thoughtful representative people. In this respect the good work is just beginning, however. There are still many thousands of people who do not have as readers who have not yet fallen into line with us. We aim to reach them all during the coming year.

CANADA



## NATIONAL SERVICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914," that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

National Service Cards and addressed envelopes for their return to Ottawa have been placed in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution amongst the persons required to fill in such cards. Every male person of the prescribed ages is required to fill in and return a card enclosed in an envelope within ten days of its receipt.

Any person who fails to receive a card and envelope may obtain the same upon application to the nearest Postmaster.

R. B. BENNETT,  
Director General.

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

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1. What is your full name?		2. How old are you?	
3. Where do you live? (Province)		5. In what country were you born?	
4. Name of city, town, village or Post Office. Street		6. In what country was your father born?	
7. In what country was your mother born?		8. Where you born a British subject?	
9. How much time have you had to fight in Europe (include Canada)?		10. If not, are you naturalized?	
11. Have you full use of your arms?		12. Which are you, (tick one): single or a widower?	
13. Of your age?		14. How many persons (include yourself) are in your family?	
15. Of your age?			
16. Of your height?			
17. What are you working at for a living?			
18. Where do you work for?			
19. Have you a trade or profession?		20. If so, what?	
21. Are you working here?		22. If not, why?	
23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work of the same pay during the war?			
24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?			

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Try Woodbury's Facial Soap in Toronto  
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for the week



# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX

JANUARY, 1917

Number 3

## Jordan is a Hard Road

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Wreckers" "The Right of Way" "The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards



"WHAT do you think of it, brother?"

The Young Doctor had just stepped from his house in front of the drug store in the main street of a seaport. The seaport question was followed by a round of laughter from a half-dozen sea-captains.

"I think it's a useful deficiency," satirically answered the Young Doctor who, clearly from his drive and weariness of these sea-dogs, had a little start at a belated and a trawler's wife, who was plentiful and droll, playful as even. He had no idea what they were talking about.

"Hark, it looks like it," said old Patsy Kerrigan. "No what would be done here?"

"What would you be doing?" here Patsy, and what looking like what?" asked the Young Doctor, with the look of one who refused to be played and for some reason suffered the fool more gladly than others.

Patsy bridled. "Bill Morden—what's that?" And the top of his head must be gone off the inside of his head, that he'd be better here. What would be done here but watch the wheel grow? Though to be sure they drive there a day and it's a right to see y' know here in the land's corner."

The last reference to the Young Doctor's activity in challenging the power of new arrivals into the world and incidentally into Anston, produced a smile of surprise.

"Well, you'll not be thinking much of Jordan yourself, Patsy?" responded the Young Doctor. "Whatever Mr. William Morden does at your age and in your debased state of health you'll be after thinking of black horses with four tails and a carriage for one only." He always put on a shifty Irish brogue when talking to Patsy Kerrigan.

"Aw, no, Doctor dear," drawled the old man. "We'll think more behind the black horses as never made before. I'll be getting to see long home in a while here. There's more than one of them that's got a wife past you'll be glad to help out of night what you're left of me."

"Mr. William Morden?" remarked Patsy severely. "Is it so want to visit a minister in the place?"

"The wife would know his Morden as Bill Morden, without any hands to his name and so it is what at all."

"Never heard of him," returned the Young Doctor. "What's he doing?"

"Never heard of him," returned Kerrigan. "Never heard of Bill Morden? Well, it's two years ago he took up the express down in Oregon. Didn't he rob the stagecoach a year ago at Laramie, and didn't?"

"That wasn't proved," interrupted a voice.

"And the express business wasn't proved either," declared Kerrigan. "No, after Bill left the coast with letters in his beautiful eyes and a pair of stars on his cheeks, didn't he come up to it and give five hundred dollars to an orphan children's home?"

"Always heard that kind of thing, but he, Father Morden—ill say that of him, though he's a Phœnix," he added with the air of doing a brave thing.

He had addressed his last words to a new arrival in the group round him—a priest, the much beloved priest who would and would be very small Catholic folk at Anston.

"Ah, yes, yes, Kerrigan. He also gave five hundred dollars to the Confession of the Sacred Sacrament for the poor of Portland at the same time," returned Father Roche, who, so far as the knowledge of the respectful salutations of the crowd.

"Thoughtful William," remarked the Young Doctor, shaking hands with Father Roche. "We could find use for his own, perhaps at Anston if he came our way."

PATSY threw up his hands. "Come our way?" And Doctor dear, what he I have said all this time but that Bill Morden's home—where now in Anston? Settled here—come to stay—thought he on and his own as everything that's best."

"He not, as the new may be," replied

"No, no, I'll keep you alive just to hear you talk in the foreign language you call your mother-tongue Patsy," smiled the Young Doctor, having told the halter of his own, more to the bridging-point by the seashore. "But who is Mr. William Morden and where does he come from?"

TWO OR three of the group suggested and walked at each other. For while had not heard of Bill Morden, the aristocratic and sharp-eyed rabbit, who faithfully kept the halibut day, and as faithfully made unchance every other day of the week when it served his purpose to do. They knew that the Young Doctor used to hear Patsy Kerrigan talk, for they both had come from the Emerald Isle.



























# A Visit to the Western Front

By Main Johnson

Illustrated by Authentic War Photographs



He found a faded water-color sketch of a young girl.

I wrote a great many letters and took them up because they were not coming—  
—at least I felt sure they would not have come. I had been told. At last I put one that I thought would do. I knew I must make it seem as if I was really very heartless and cruel, or he would never believe. I spent some words wrong and put in some words of grammar on purpose. I told him I had been

only flirting with him and that I had broken faith with him as I liked better. I said "Hullo" because I knew it would disgust him. I said it was only because he was rich that I had been tempted to marry him.  
"I thought my heart would break while I was writing those dreadful falsehoods. But I was for his sake, because I would not spoil his life. His mother told me I would be a mill stone around his neck. I told Paul to make that I would do anything rather than be that. It would be easy to do for him, but I don't see how I can go on living."  
"I think my letter will convince Paul."

"I SUPPOSE it convinced Paul, because there was no further story in the little book. When we had finished it the boys were running about my feet and even then—but I don't know it."

"Poor Mrs. Kew!" he said.  
"I'm sorry I ever laughed at her," I said. "She was good, kind, strong and brave. I could never have been as selfish as she was."

At the back of the little book we found a faded water-color sketch of a young girl—such a dear, beautiful little thing with ruggish eyes and curls, long, rippling golden hair. Paul Coburn's name was written in faded ink across the water-color.

It was not surprising, however, that the dress, the sketch and the little book—and that the lot.

Then we sat for a long time in the dinner window and thought of many things, but the rainy night came down and blotted out the world.

"The window was warm like we were," the kitchen servant we may not know, smiled down softly, as we went downstairs together.

HOW WOULD a person feel it, in the morning, he left London or Montreal or Winnipeg, and at noon of the same day, arrived at the Front, under shell fire, without any special training or training? How much of a shock would it be how much of a disturbing of one's very consciousness and existence?  
It is not physically possible to make this exact experiment, but it is possible to do something which although different graphically, does approximate it in feeling and sensation. And which does plunge you from one world and into another of life and civilization heading into another.



Right: A remarkable photograph of a gun in action on the western front.  
Left: A boy's eye view of Allied soldiers headquarters at a post on the western front.  
The landscape is captured in a photograph.

level by the mass of humanity in average times and average circumstances, went out suddenly, by like an extinguished light, and in its place came a sinister and, a feverish atmosphere of abnormality, the first currents of an electrical influence which had heavily and ominously over the whole area of the front. The joy of life snuffed out!

As he gradually drove further and farther in the human element became submerged—the machine of war and fate came in. Not that there were the slightest indications of a gloom, or a despair. That is not what I mean. But a cheerful indifference, a brooding sense of dreariness, of the mechanical rather than the human element, more coupled with an immense feeling of pity for these towns and for the women and children who still had to live in them, where all the pleasures of life had been snuffed out so long ago, that now it seemed as if the world never had been happy, and never would be again.

In spite of the prevailing sensation of a stunned abnormality, yet, so complex are our emotions, there was also the expected sentiment of romance. As Philip Huxley points out, these small towns French towns have not changed. "St. Adrian and his Musketeers rule on their way to great adventures in the days of Richelieu and Mazarin." It was not only that. Because that I was reminded, but of Car-

One morning, one bright day, I had breakfast in the peaceful city of Paris, and had breakfast the same day in Bern (Switzerland), under almost as a house as a street.  
As we entered out of the suburbs into the open country, we were travelling on one of those famous roads of France, straight as a railroad line into the fourth of France, and I was wonderful from the perspective road was the one upon which a large section of the spectacular tower camp was raised from Paris to Meaux at the battle of the Marne, and the one, too, along which the Germans would have marched into Paris, if it had been they who had won the battle. Well, at Meaux, half an hour by motor from the gates of Paris we saw the wooded slope where German batteries had been placed—the fiercest part of the German advance, perilously close to the heart of France.

Up to this point, life seemed fairly normal, but now we entered the "zone of the armistice," and immediately the whole aspect of things changed. Some terrible human element, some indecent, but deep ingrained feeling of the essential otherness of life despite all its ordinary was, new psychological impressions of normal, serene existence as it is

ONE MORNING there came to the door of our hotel a matter to take us to the front. Immediately I felt myself laid up in bed, where the most current things about me with all the evidence of a silhouette. The bedwards of Paris were no longer merely delightful

## At the Top o' the World

By EDA RANDOLPH SPRAGUE

The wild road toward the battered peak  
Of the old great giant and his  
As he sought to meet the coming year,  
To tell this tale to him:  
And he suddenly roared his warning form  
And called him "Hill" and "Hill"  
As he called them at the top o' the world  
To keep his rendezvous.  
In breaking down to the newly born  
The things were the same.  
"My love on earth of earthy ones,  
I've found the blessed one,  
Now and go with me, my lover,  
For I have found him.  
To wear you how I want to feel,  
To tell you of my wrong  
When I find I find this refuge earth.  
The year preceding me  
His message grows to me no more  
And I found me this  
He told me of the warning hour  
And end I must not cease  
To march the whole world into it find  
The pathless snow peak.



And that the boy would fit the hill  
If I could find the way.  
And I found him at the top of the hill  
Would happen again.  
But I found him I wanted  
As he called them at the top of the hill  
To greater knowers; multiplied  
His memory on the earth.  
And when at last I found that I  
Had found him in the  
The hill that had been given me  
My love on earth of earthy ones  
I found him at the top of the hill  
I found the door to him  
My message was, "God says me"  
The boy replied to him  
He gathered that I found I found  
I found the door to him  
My path had led me to the strength  
And so my love was me  
Go, climb the hill, and I found him  
Now and go with me, my lover,  
Go, climb the hill, and I found him  
Now and go with me, my lover,  
Go, climb the hill, and I found him  
Now and go with me, my lover,

and wall of  
on the one  
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tion balloons

What sort of landscape with we looking upon? One of the most beautiful

...extraordinarily beautiful even in a land of all rhems. But there are the vineyards, thick and green and looking in a feverish, wrenching

...to be  
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...it is sinister  
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it.

## The War Verse of Robert W. Service

**HITCHHIKER NOTE**—Late in the year 1901, MacLEAN'S MAGAZINE arranged with Robert W. Service for the serial publication of a number of his war poems with the result that practically every issue since has been enriched by contributions from his vigorous and capable pen. Mr. Service is not the only anglophone to secure one of Mr. Service's work and we find the advantage of getting long to the reader in advance some of the best poems of war now found in his volume "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." The last of the poems in which serial rights were secured "The Whistle of Sandy McGrow," is presented herewith.

The war verse of Canada's famous young poet is being enthusiastically received. It has caught the spirit of war. It combines the humor and the horror, the pathos and the thrill of the intense clash of nations—told for the most part in the words of the soldier himself. Service has no ground at the front in his "Foreword" he writes, "By looking at the blackened shores I've walked of war-torn Belgium." Recently, some of the poems told of war at its worst—its flagrant stripping of all humanity. Again in his "Foreword," Mr. Service says:

"And if at times I saw a bit,  
You needn't read that part of it;  
For through it all the horror ran  
The red resentment of the guns."

And you yourself would matter when  
You took the things that once were mine,  
And sped them through that zone of hate  
To where the dripping cannons wait."

It is hoped that early issues of MacLEAN'S will have new work from Mr. Service. He has promised it in the meantime is presented:

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## The Whistle of Sandy McGrow

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

You may talk of your lute and your dulcimers too,  
Your harps and your lutes and your dulcimers too,  
But here in the trenches just give me for mine,  
This was penny whistle of Sandy McGrow.  
Oh! see, "Sandy, me lad, will you fill me a beer?"  
And Sandy is willing and willing like mad,  
See always sweet that we a' through again,  
And some of it's gay, but most of it's sad,  
For the war is simple and that war is never hurt,  
And gray you're here and we're here for better,  
And ye glow like an owl till you're fedder the start  
Of a tear, and you blink me a fader of shame.  
For he sings of the heather, and here in the dirt,  
You're here and dream of a land that's new brown,  
And he tells you forget of the home and the heart,  
For he says like a hero, dear Sandy McGrow

At Exeter I stand me when rank  
Upon rank  
We rise from the trenches and  
We sing like the girls,  
Till the bugle few goes out to tell  
On the flank  
And the maddening bullets come  
And the maddening bullets come  
Till a' that were left of an' dazed  
And broken,  
Till it seemed for a moment a  
Penny reel,  
When shrill through the smoke and  
The smoke and the smoke  
The was penny voice of a whistle  
Peeped out



"The Complete are come!" Then into the fray  
We bounded we heaped our ranks and now,  
And oh! we have revelled in glory that day,  
Just thanks to the whistle of Sandy McGrow

At Exeter, it was after a desperate fight,  
On the field of the slain I was crawling about,  
And the smoke was brown and red holes in the night,  
And the guns were coming thundering out.  
When sudden I heard a bit would like a sigh  
And there in a crumple a little I saw  
"What art ye, me lad? Are ye wounded?" says I  
"I've lost me war whistle," says Sandy McGrow  
"Twas out by you long when we passed the attack.  
It dropped from me pouch, and between me and there  
There was no sign of it, so I've got another back."  
"Ye're dolt, man!" I said him, but Sandy was gone  
Well, I wanted a new, then I tried  
And the bugle staff was gone and  
"Twas out," said,  
And I seemed to be under the water  
Of hell,  
And creation was cracked to bits  
By the sound,  
And I lay in the mud. "Gang ye  
Back, ye old feller!"  
When I thought I saw a note that  
Was queer and new,  
And there in a crater, I called and  
Said,  
"We have penny whistle was  
Sandy McGrow



Ag, there he was playing a gig as could be,  
And listen! hard was a specialized Boche,  
Three steady turned round and he nodded me me,  
And he says: "Twas him who was, Sergeant McTosh  
Till he was shot in down," He then me me play.  
It's make! I say, "You see how I see?"  
And thrills! and sweet in the heart of the day  
Was Sandy was playing "The Whistle of the Boche."

The last scene of a'—Twas the day that we took  
That lot of black run they me laid down,  
It seemed the hole Boche, just showed and shook,  
And the red cross were there and spoke of all shall,  
And the Boches were eager to keep us in hand,  
And hard on the back we were strong the dogs.  
When upward we shot at the word of command,  
And the bullets were down of their own me me legs,  
And around we swept me a yell and a cheer,  
And a' we destruction, confusion and die,  
And we knew that the trench of the Boches was near,  
And it seemed just the safest lot to be in;  
So we a' tumbled down, and the Boches were there,  
And they laid up their hands, and they yelled:  
"Kamerad!"

And I marched off we two, we their points in the air,  
And my, I was proud, and my, I was glad,  
And I thought: "If me name could see me just then."  
When sudden I started at something I saw,  
And I stopped and I started, and I halted me men,  
For there on a stretcher was Sandy McGrow,  
Well, he looks in me face, just as part as ye please:  
"Ye see how I hate me working," says he;  
"But now I can play in the street for barbers,  
We thought of me legs taken off at the knee."  
And though I could see he was really in pain,  
He reached for his whistle and started me play;  
And quavers sweet was the plaintive refrain:  
"The Boche of the Boche are a wide away,  
They sudden he stopped, "Max, we're in grand  
Now we talk a' their troubles?" . . . He shook  
his head:  
"It's no play-me-man!" Truly down from his head  
Slipped the was penny whistle and . . . Sandy  
was dead.

And so ye may talk of your dulcimers and Strads,  
Your women's organs and lutes and me know,  
But out in the trenches just give me, me lad,  
This was penny whistle of Sandy McGrow.

## Some New Features

**FUTURE ISSUES OF MACLEAN'S** will present many new and interesting features. Stories are being secured from well-known writers, including the distinguished coterie of Canadian authors who have become so well known to our readers and also from other writers not hitherto found in MACLEAN'S. Among the new writers will be H. G. Wells and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

A regular feature of all future issues will be a department devoted to short, pithy, biographical sketches of interesting Canadian men and women.

An especially strong series of business articles is in course of preparation.

An extra special feature will be the serial story by Arthur E. McFarlane, "The Great Mogul," to start in an early issue. It is one of the most fascinating and stirring stories of adventure that has been written in years.







## Gift Suggestions—Comfort and Pleasure

**P**ERHAPS it is a difficult task to select a gift for a man who is not a member of a club or a fan of a sport. However, you can help him relax and make his life more comfortable by giving him a pair of Lunns Skates. There is nothing more so useful and relaxing as a good pair of skates. They are perfect for playing on ice. It is also a good idea to give him a pair of skates and a pair of skates. There is nothing more so useful and relaxing as a good pair of skates. They are perfect for playing on ice. It is also a good idea to give him a pair of skates and a pair of skates.

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## Gift Suggestions—For Her

**S**OME gifts multiply themselves. Others, they are more common, but less so. One of the most popular gifts for a woman is a pair of skates. There is nothing more so useful and relaxing as a good pair of skates. They are perfect for playing on ice. It is also a good idea to give her a pair of skates and a pair of skates.

**A**STHEM gift is a pair of skates. There is nothing more so useful and relaxing as a good pair of skates. They are perfect for playing on ice. It is also a good idea to give her a pair of skates and a pair of skates.

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# The Business Outlook

## Commerce Finance Investments Insurance



## Our Prosperity and Extravagance

THE PEOPLE of Canada are living extravagantly. There can be no doubt as to that were it not for the one feature of the extravagance which causes uneasiness. Business is remarkably brisk, so brisk in fact that the extravagance of the public is to some extent justified. The gauger of the spending orgy into which Canada seems to have plunged lies in the fact that our imports are growing by leaps and bounds. In other words we are sending more money out of the country than we should in this time of war.

Taking the figures issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce in October it is found that the imports for the preceding twelve months totaled \$255,500,000, an against \$187,471,217 for the previous twelve months. This is approximately \$68,000,000 more and the total is startling enough to make every Canadian shudder and blink. The increase is partly explained by the advance in prices—both not arbitrary. After due allowance is made for advance costs, there still remains a wide margin that can only be explained on the ground of lavish spending.

Another explanation is that people are demanding quality in what they buy. The "cheap" condition of the average householder has removed the wrappings which once attended to buying the best. People are sure demanding the best and are quite ready to pay for it.

THE INCREASE in imports is reflected, of course, in domestic consumption. Manufacturers cannot turn out the goods fast enough to fill their orders. Wholesalers are in the same way and the retail merchant is no less that the mere selling of goods has become the least of his trouble. This, of course, is an eminently satisfactory state of affairs. But, for business there must be a motive which will help to win the war as it means increased production, increased production and increased exports. But when it comes to a sudden release in imports, it is a matter of concern. It is a matter of concern that our favorable balance of trade is threatened. It becomes evident that extravagance is beginning to act like a virus. It is time to take a halt. We cannot afford any further enlargement of our buying extravagance. The war situation demands conservation.

WATERBOROUGH factor also is the advance in living costs. The most conspicuous article of food are going up in price to prohibitive prices. Butter and eggs are becoming expensive and all other present price of everyday things will soon be found only on the tables of the very rich. Bread, which is going everywhere at a rate that speaks for itself, perhaps for a lucky few and privation for the many.

The advance have caused a cry of "inflation" from one end of the country to the other. Newspapers are loudly demanding discipline and their columns are full of suggestions that, for the most part, are as impractical as to be almost ridiculous. The explanation after all is not so hard to find. It is a case of supply and demand. When the latter exceeds the former prices go up. Canada cannot use so much in Great Britain and keep prices down at home. It is very logical for the farmer, for instance, to demand of the price of flour when he is getting more for his wheat. The city man has to pay the high price of food without the consolation that the farmer has, but then he is probably earning more than he ever did before.

It is not intended to assert that the present high prices are justified. It is not to be denied that some men are making huge fortunes by speculating at the expense of the public. With our present very much involved system of distribution, however, an era of high wages and



—Shows us the War Time Outlook  
War Prosperity.

the country. People who were not enjoying a measure of prosperity could not live where the bare necessities of life were so high.

Yes, Canada is prosperous. Yet our earning wages much lower than they were before, especially those engaged in work



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To Receive.

on machines. It is stated on a fact that some men on piece work are earning \$10 and \$15 a day who formerly were getting little more than that per week. Women and men who were once regarded as well paid for petrie rations are in many cases only paid to stay for purely primary considerations. These extremes are necessarily unavoidable.

The measure of our prosperity will be seen in the volume of Christmas trade, and it looks fair to be generous.

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